



T H E
A M E R I C A N
M O R A L & S E N T I M E N T A L M A G A Z I N E .

JULY 17, 1797.

A Narrative of the most remarkable occurrences, and strange vicissitudes, in the life of James Albert Ukawsaw Gronniosaw, an African Prince, as related by himself.

[Continued from page 23.]

I Was conducted by my friend the merchant, about half way up; then he durst proceed no farther : I went up to the king alone.— I went with an undaunted courage, and it pleased God to melt the heart of the king, who sat with his scymiter in his hand ready to behead me ; yet being himself so affected, he dropped it out of his hand, and took me upon his knee and wept over me. I put my right hand round his neck, and pressed him to my heart.—He sat me down and blessed me, and added that he would not kill me, that I should not go home, but be sold for a slave, so then I was conducted back again to the merchant's house.

The next day he took me on board a French brig ; but the captain did not choose to buy me ; he said I was too small ; so the merchant took me home with him again.

The partner, whom I have spoken of as my enemy, was very angry to see me return, and again proposed putting an
end

end to my life ; for he represented to the other, that I should bring them into troubles and difficulties; and that I was so little that no person would buy me.

The merchant's resolution began to waver, and I was afraid that I should be put to death : but however, he said he would try me once more.

A few days after, a Dutch ship came into the harbour, and they carried me on board, in hopes that the captain would purchase me.—As they went, I heard them agree, that if they could not sell me *then*, they would throw me overboard.—I was in extreme agonies when I heard this ; and as soon as ever I saw the Dutch captain, I ran to him, and put my arms round him, and said, “ father, save me,” (for I knew that if he did not buy me, I should be treated very ill, or possibly murdered.) And though he did not understand my language, yet it pleased the ALMIGHTY to influence him in my behalf, and he bought me for *two yards of cheque*, which is of more value *there*, than in England.

When I left my dear mother, I had a large quantity of gold about me, as is the custom of our country, it was made into rings and they were linked into one another, and formed a kind of chain, and so put round my neck, and arms and legs, and a large piece hanging at one ear, almost in the shape of a pear. I found all this troublesome, and was glad when my new master took it from me,—I was now washed, and clothed in the Dutch or English manner. My master grew very fond of me, and I loved him exceedingly ; I watched every look, was always ready when he wanted me, and endeavored to convince him, by every action, that my only pleasure was to serve him well. I have since thought that he must have been a serious man. His actions corresponded very well with such a character.—He used to read prayers in public to the ship's crew every sabbath day ; and when first I saw him

him read, I was never so surprized in my life, as when I saw the book talk to my mastet, for I thought it did, as I observed him to look upon it, and move his lips.—I wished it would do so to me. As soon as my master had done reading, I followed him to the place where he put the book, being mightily delighted with it, and when nobody saw me, I opened it and put my ear close upon it, in great hopes that it would say something to me ; but was very sorry and greatly disappointed when I found it would not speak, this tho't immediately presented itself to me, that every body and every thing despised me because I was black.

I was exceedingly sea sick at first ; but when I became more accustom'd to the sea, it wore off. My master's ship was bound for Barbadoes. When we came there, he thought fit to speak of me to several gentlemen of his acquaintance, and one of them expressed a particular desire to see me. He had a great mind to buy me ; but the captain could not immediately be prevailed on to part with me ; but however, as the gentleman seemed very solicitous, he at length let me go, and I was sold for fifty dollars (*four and six-penny pieces in English.*) My new master's name was Van Horne, a young gentleman ; his home was in the city of New-York, to which place he took me with him. He dressed me in his livery, and was very good to me. My chief business was to wait at table and tea, and clean knives, and I had a very easy place ; but the servants used to curse and swear surprizingly ; which I learned faster than any thing, it was almost the first English I could speak. If any of them affronted me, I was sure to call upon GOD to damn them immediately ; but I was broke of it all at once, occasioned by the correction of an old black servant that lived in the family. One day I had just cleaned the knives for dinner, when one of the maids took one to cut bread and butter with ; I was very angry with her, and immediately called upon GOD to damn her ;

her ; when this old black man told me I must not say so. I asked him why ? He replied there was a wicked man called the Devil, who lived in hell, and would take all who said these words, and put them in the fire and burn them.—This terrified me greatly, and I was entirely broke of swearing. Soon after this, as I was placing the china for tea, my mistress came into the room just as the maid had been cleaning it ; the girl had unfortunately sprinkled the wainscot with the mop, at which my mistress was angry, the girl very foolishly answered her again, which made her worse, and she called upon GOD to damn her.—I was vastly concerned to hear this, as she was a fine young lady, and very good to me, insomuch that I could not help speaking to her ; “ Madam, says I, you must not say so,” Why ? says she, Because there is a black man called the Devil that lives in hell, and he will put you in the fire and burn you, and I shall be very sorry for that. Who told you this ? replied my lady. Old Ned, says I. Very well was all her answer ; but she told my master of it, and he ordered that old Ned should be tied up and whipped, and he was never suffered to come into the kitchen with the rest of the servants afterwards. My mistress was not angry with me, but rather diverted with my simplicity, and by way of talk, she repeated what I had said to many of her acquaintance that visited her ; among the rest, Mr. Freelandhouse, a very gracious, good Minister, heard it, and he took a great deal of notice of me, and desired my master to part with me to him. He would not hear of it at first, but being greatly persuaded, he let me go, and Mr. Freelandhouse gave fifty pounds for me.—He took me home with him, and made me kneel down, and put my hands together, and prayed for me, and every night and morning he did the same.—I could not make out what he did this for, nor the meaning of it, nor what they spoke to when they talked.—I thought it comical, but I liked it very well.

After

After I had been a little while with my new master, I grew more familiar, and asked him the meaning of prayer: (I could hardly speak English to be understood) he took great pains with me, and made me understand he prayed to GOD, who lived in heaven; that He was my Father and BEST Friend. I told him that this must be a mistake; that my father lived at BOURNOU, and that I wanted very much to see him, and likewise my dear mother, and sister, and I wished he would be so good as to send me home to them; and I added all I could think to induce him to convey me back. I appeared in great trouble, and my good master was so affected, that the tears ran down his face. He told me that GOD was a GREAT and GOOD SPIRIT, that He created all the world, and every person and thing in it, in Ethiopia, Africa, America, and everywhere. I was delighted when I heard this: There, says I, I always thought so when I lived at home! Now if I had wings like an eagle, I would fly to tell my dear mother that GOD is greater than the sun, moon, and stars; and that they were made by Him.

(To be continued.)

Observations on the Bohon-Upas, or Poison-Tree of the Island of Java.—From the Travels of Mr. Foersech, a Dutch Surgeon.

(Concluded from Page 17.)

IN 1775, some subjects of Marray a sovereign prince, whose dignity is almost equal to that of the Emperor, having revolted, and refused to pay the tribute which he had imposed on them, he sent troops to disperse the rebels, and to drive them from his territories, together with their families. They were obliged, to the number of six hundred, to quit their country, and the Emperor refused to protect them, because they were rebels, and for fear of displeasing Marray,

Marray, who was his neighbour. These unfortunate people therefore had no other resource, but to retire to these dreary and uninhabited places which surround the bohon-upas. Having asked permission from the Emperor to establish themselves there, he granted their request, but on condition that they should settle within the distance of fourteen miles from the tree, that the people who occupied the more remote lands might not be deprived of their possessions which they had cultivated. The rebels were obliged to submit to this condition, but at the end of two months they were reduced to two hundred; the chief of those who remained, returned to Marray, informed him of their loss, and implored pardon, upon which they were again received as his subjects. On their return I had an opportunity of seeing some of those who had survived; they appeared to be affected by some pestilential disorder: they were remarkably pale; and from the account which they gave me of the death of their companions, and of the circumstances attending it, I was fully convinced that they had fallen victims to this poison.

Its violent effects at so great a distance from the tree, appear surprising and incredible, especially when one considers that some of those who approach it return safe. The following observations have in a great measure lessened my astonishment.

I have already said that the criminals are ordered in going, to follow the course of the wind, and to return in a contrary direction. When the wind blows always from the same point during the space of time necessary for the criminal to travel thirty, or thirty-six miles, if he enjoys a sound constitution he may survive the danger: but the constancy of the winds in that climate is very uncertain; there are no regular land breezes, and those from the sea are not felt there, on account of the distance of the place, and the mountains and forests by which it is surrounded.

No winds ever blow there regularly ; there are only some light currents of air which pass through the openings among the mountains. It is also very difficult to determine from what quarter the wind really blows, as it finds so many obstacles in its way, which change its direction, and destroy its effects.

I am of opinion therefore, that the effluvia of the bohon-upas are noxious at so great a distance, only on account of the gentleness of the winds, which have not force sufficient to dissipate their particles. If strong winds were more frequent and durable, they might greatly diminish their force, and perhaps destroy it.

The good priest strengthened this conjecture, by assuring me, that a dead calm was always dangerous, the particles which the tree loses by a continual perspiration being then disseminated through the atmosphere, like the putrid vapours of some noxious marsh.

In the month of February, 1776, I assisted at Soura-Char-ta, at the execution of thirteen of the Emperor's concubines, who were convicted of infidelity. About eleven in the morning, they were conducted to a square opposite to the palace, where the judge sentenced them to suffer death, by the prick of a lancet, poisoned with the gum of the bohon-upas. When the sentence was passed, the Alcoran was presented to them to swear, that the accusations were just, and that the sentence was equitable, which they did, by laying the right-hand on the book, the left upon the breast, and lifting up their eyes to heaven. The judge then made them kiss the Alcoran, after which the executioner proceeded to inflict the punishment in the following manner :

Three stakes were driven into the ground, about five feet in height, to which the criminals were tied, with their
breasts

breasts uncovered. In this situation they remained, uniting their lamentations to those of their friends; until the judge made a signal to the executioner, who drew out a lancet dipped in the gum of the *bohon-upas*, and with this instrument pricked the breasts of those unhappy females. The whole operation was performed in the space of two minutes.

I was very much astonished at the sudden effects of this subtle poison; the criminals were soon seized with a shivering, followed by strong convulsions, and they expired in dreadful agony, imploring forgiveness of God and Mahomet. In the space of six minutes not one of them remained alive. I observed that their bodies were covered with livid spots; their faces were much swelled, and black, and their eyes appeared yellow.

I had an opportunity of seeing another execution at Samarang, where seven Malays were put to death in the same manner, and with the same instrument. I observed upon their bodies the same spots, and the same effects of the poison.

These circumstances induced me to make some experiments with it upon living animals. For that purpose, I procured with great difficulty, a few grains of the gum of the *bohon-upas*, which I dissolved in arrack, and having dipped a lancet in it, I made an incision in the lower part of the belly of a dog; three minutes after the animal began to howl most dreadfully, running from one end of the apartment to the other; and in the space of six minutes more, his strength was so much exhausted, that he fell down and expired in convulsions, at the end of eleven minutes. I repeated these experiments on two other dogs, a cat, and a bird: the action of the poison was always equally quick, none of these animals surviving above thirteen minutes after the operation.

I conceived it necessary to observe the effect of this poison more closely. In half an ounce of arrack, I dissolved a quarter of a grain of the gum of the bohon-upas, and poured it down the throat of a puppy seven months old; seven minutes after, the animal began to stagger, fell down, and rolled on the ground; but at the end of half an hour it was seized with convulsions, and expired. Upon opening it, I found the stomach inflamed; some of the intestines were in the same state, though not so much as the viscera, in which I found some coagulated blood, but I could not discover from what part it had proceeded. I imagine it had been forced from the lungs, while the animal made violent efforts to vomit.

From these experiments, I concluded, that the gum of the bohon-upas is the most terrible of all poisons extracted from the vegetable kingdom; and, I am of opinion, that it contributes to render the island unhealthful. It daily assists to destroy both the natives and Europeans. Every man of distinguished rank carries about him a dart, or some other poisoned weapon. In time of war the Malays use it for poisoning water. This barbarous stratagem destroyed in the last war half of the Dutch army. Since that time the Dutch take the precaution to keep fish in the water which they drink; and they station centinels near reservoirs, to guard them, and to remark [if any of these animals die. When a body of troops enter the enemy's country, they always carry live fish along with them, to try the water before they drink it; and it is by these means only, that they have been able to prevent their entire destruction.

This account, I think, will satisfy the curious reader; and the few facts which I have related concerning the bohon-upas, will, I hope, be considered as sufficient to prove the existence of this remarkable tree, and the truth of its violent effects.

Should it be asked, why a satisfactory account has not been before given of it, I can only reply, that commerce, and not natural history, is the object of all those who visit this part of the world. The climate of Java is accounted so unhealthy, that rich travellers seldom reside long in it, while others want the means and knowledge necessary for those who give themselves up to such researches. Those, however, who may hereafter touch at this island, will, no doubt think the *bohon-upas* a matter of importance, and give a more accurate description of it.

I must add, that there grows on the coast of Macassar, a tree, called *cadjoe-upas**, the poison of which acts almost in the same manner; but its effects are neither so violent, nor so terrible.

* The *bohon-upas*, the poisonous effluvia of which are rendered more dangerous by the heat of the climate, the want of a free circulation in the air, and the exhalations proceeding from the dead bodies which surround it, is, perhaps the same as the *cadjoe-upas*. The *cadjoe-upas*, or *caju-upas* of the Malays, is named *arbor toxicaria*, or *ipo*, by Rumphius, in the *Herbarium Amboinense*, vol. ii. page 263. He distinguishes it into two species, one of which he calls the male, and the other the female: the first is the most pernicious, and in all probability, is the same as the *bohon-upas*. The description and figure which Rumphius gives of it, are very incomplete; as he could procure neither its flowers nor its fruit. He, however, describes, in a more satisfactory manner, the fatal effects of its poison; the antidotes used against it; the method of collecting it; and the places where it grows, &c. He says, "There grows, in the neighbourhood of this tree, neither trees, plants, nor shrubs, unless at the distance of a stone's throw from it. The ground which surrounds it is brown and barren, and appears as if burnt. Under the most noxious species there are found the feathers and wings of birds, evident signs of its malignity. The atmosphere which surrounds it is so infectious and poisonous, that the birds which perch upon its branches, are immediately seized with a vertigo, and fall down dead at its root. Every living thing, struck by its exhalations, perishes; so that most animals avoid it."

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON FANATICISM.

FANATICISM, is the Child of false Zeal and of Superstition, the father of intolerance and of persecution; it is therefore very different from *Piety*, though some persons are pleased to confound them. The *pious* man, always governed by humility and reason, implores, and receives the succours of Grace, and evidences this divine nature by conducting himself with sweet humility and love, the genuine character of the first Christians. But the *Fanatic*, big with pride, and full of himself, rejects reason, and takes the emotions of his own passions for those of grace; and far from conducting himself with christian modesty and love, he follows the reveries of his imagination, as if they were the inspirations of the Divine Spirit. He imitates the follies of enthusiastic fools, and if occasion offers, the cruelties of bloody persecutors. Let us cautiously guard against this excess, but let us not despise *true Zeal*; for it differs as much from Fanaticism, as vigour, accompanied with health, differs from a delirium produced by a burning fever.

While certain Philosophers, and some, proud of following them, fall into this fatal error, and agree to treat as *Fanatics*, not only the false inspired, but also those who believe in the Divine assistance which holy souls receive from God; they rank with *enthusiastics*, all who humbly request from the Father of Lights that inspiration which the Scriptures call the "*Wisdom which cometh from above*;" or, the assistance of the Holy Spirit. The philosophy, so common and so dangerous, has its source in pride; and from pride, there are but three steps to Atheism: This *first* is, to think ones self sufficiently wise, independent and strong, to govern the heart virtuously, without the divine succours of the Father of Lights. Those who take this step, filled with the lofty ideas they have of their own reason, despise, in some sense, this faculty of their soul, and take the twinkling light

of their own imagination, for the Sun of Righteousness, from whom proceeds our supreme illumination. This step conducts to a *second*, which is not less dangerous. It is very natural, for those who deny the influence of the supreme Being on their *spirits* to exclude him from all influence over their *bodies*, and all other *events*. Hence it follows that the gentlemen who are so ready to treat piety as *enthusiasm*, more or less, follow Epicurus, who denied the influence of a divine Providence over the preservation of their bodies, and the direction of all events. When these two steps are fully secured, the *third* is easily taken; for if God takes no care, neither of our souls by his Spirit, nor of our bodies by his Providence, he is to us an useless Being, far from being God, that is to say, the Being of Beings, the Being in whom we have life and motion: and our faith is reduced to that of Epicurus, or Spinoza, who neither admitted a God of Grace, nor of Providence.

An ADDRESS to YOUNG CLERGYMEN.

THE young and rising generation should be a principal object of your care. From them chiefly must arise your hopes of success in your profession. They are not yet "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin," nor hackneyed in the ways of the world; And being young yourselves, you can advise, admonish, and reprove them with the best grace, and the most efficacy. Your bestowing peculiar notice on them, will always give pleasure to such as are connected with them, who will, on that account, listen to your instructions with greater advantage. Such as are not so connected will still however approve of your conduct, if they are good; and if they are otherwise, if they are growing old in iniquity, or "accustomed to do evil," can you expect "the Ethiopian should change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Nevertheless you may be assured, that the very veterans in vice themselves will secretly applaud your endeavours to train the
young

young to virtue and religion; so irresistibly are they led by the force of truth to admire in speculation those venerable forms, which in practice they neglect to pursue.

When the younger part of your hearers discover that they possess a particular share in your regard and labours, a distinction so obliging to them will wonderfully conciliate their esteem and confidence; and these, under God, will "open their hearts to attend to the words that shall be spoken" by you. They will hardly be able to withstand the arguments, the exhortations, the entreaties, of those whom they find so deeply concerned about their edification and welfare: more especially if you approve of their ingenuity mainly, or to that sense of truth and probity, of praise and reputation, which originally belongs to their natures, and which will always afford you a handle, whereby to take hold of their consciences, unless these should become totally obdurate. And that, it is to be hoped, will rarely be the case so long as they are young. Such a case, I am well persuaded, would be yet more rare, if every working of modesty, every tendency to good, every the smallest shoot or sprouting of virtue were early and tenderly cherished and supported.

By commending where you can, by rebuking only where you must, by never shocking or revolting them with an ill-judged severity, whilst you never foster their pride or vanity by undeserved, undistinguishing, or extravagant applause, you will preserve a happy balance in their spirits. They will hearken to you with equal delight and reverence, as at once their friends and their teachers. And having thus engaged them to love and honour you, it is natural to think you will the more easily and effectually win them to the love and veneration of your Master.

Let it always be your care to speak to the heart, to enter into the conscience, to make them acquainted with themselves.

selves. Contemn every ornament that serves not, in some shape, to the purpose of persuasion, and every species of address that doth not tend to render the hearers better or wiser. Never rest in general or vague harangues. Such, believe me, how ingenious or elegant soever, are always "from the purpose of" preaching, a principal part "of whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her own feature, vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." I shall readily be pardoned for applying to this subject, with a small variation, those beautiful words of the greatest human writer in the world:

I conjure you brethren, "before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing, and his kingdom;" never sacrifice utility or truth to shew or popularity. Let no desire of applause tempt you to spoil your discourses with affected rhetoric or vain philosophy, on the one hand, or to disgrace them with vulgarity and cant, on the other. Let no dread of bigots, however violent or numerous, deter you from holding up to the people a high standard of Christian morals. Let no respect for libertines, of what rank or parts soever, turn you aside from the simplicity of "the truth, as it is in Jesus." A virtuous Christianity, that is, genuine Christianity, is the cause of heaven. It will always bear you out. If you have felt its sacred operation, are taken with its beauty, and awed by that majesty which it hath derived from its author: Blessed Saviour! what fortitude and fervour in preaching it, will these inspire!

If indeed you have undergone the discipline of repentance, if you have passed the strait gate, and entered the narrow way that leads to life eternal, if the prospects which faith unfolds have opened on your illuminated eye, and that celestial Spirit who proceeds from Jesus has descended into your bosoms;

bosoms; what force of feeling, what depth of discernment in the best things, what unction of sentiment and language, what unstudied allurements and dignity of manner, will ordinarily accompany your performances! How clearly will you trace, and how sensibly describe, from the fund of your own experience, the movements of the soul, the measures of conscience, the salutary pains of conversion, the secret struggles of virtue, the aspirations of an advancing piety, in short, the whole rise and progress of the divine life!

Let me particularly remind you, that nothing will more assist or animate you in the exercises of the pulpit, than the devotions of the closet; provided these are humble and liberal, simple and exalted, serious and fervent. In that case, they will be—what will they be?—a rich, perennial spring of inspiration. They will diffuse through your public addresses, both to God and to man, a certain ethereal influence, that will be universally seen and felt. Oh, how different from the constraint, the formality, the frigidity, the deadness, you have sometimes witnessed!

After all, let it be remembered, that the benediction of God alone can give proper power to all your ministrations. I hope you daily ask it. But remember likewise, you can only expect it in the road of righteousness. And therefore, to all your improvements, and all your exertions, fail not to join purity of heart and sanctity of manners. Practise as much as possible the breeding of gentlemen; but never drop the character of ministers of the Gospel. Between these, when truly understood, there is no incompatibility. But if there were, it is easy to see which of the two, in point of propriety and uniformity, ought to give place in your deportment. An engaging demeanour, it is certain, can never be inconsistent with clerical decorum. But wherever the fashion of the times, or the folly of men would attempt to build either pleasure or refinement on the ruins of virtue, may we have the

the firmness in our behaviour, to sink the man of the world in the man of God. " Finally, brethren, farewell : Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

DESCRIPTION of a MAN of PLEASURE.

THE persons whose character I draw are proud to style themselves men of pleasure. The world adopts the phrase and bestows it on them freely : But I aver they do not deserve this title. You are mere sensation-men ; strangers to sincere, to real pleasure. That consists in regularity, and dwells with innocence alone. Figure a young man master of his passions, diligent in business, or assiduous in study, smitten with the charms of truth, of friendship, of virtue, of devotion, following their divine attraction through the slippery paths of youth, and in due time entering, with judgment and choice, into that honourable state which heaven has ordained for the support and comfort of mankind. Will those ungodly men, who forego the chaste and heart-felt delights of this amiable connection, for the bought smiles and mercenary caresses of a harlot, " loveless, joyless, unendeared," pretend to equal these latter to the former, or once to compare their lawless, restless, selfish pursuits, to the tranquil, the virtuous, the generous joys of an union, which, when wisely formed, is founded on esteem, supported with fidelity, sanctified by faith, and sweetened by mutual sympathy, trust, and complacence ?

I WILL not attempt to enumerate all the superior gratifications which are forfeited by an irregular life : But surely this is a farther consideration worthy your regard. Surely a sound mind in a healthful body, moderate desires, and quiet passions, a spirit calm and clear, unobscured by the fumes of intemperance, and undisturbed by the tumults of lust, peace-ful

ful and pleasant reflections on a discreet and honorable conduct, manly, rational, and useful conversation, the society, the applause, and the patronage, of the best men, the humble, yet triumphant hope of the friendship of God through every future period, with all the solid and sublime consolations of devotion; surely these are not things to be rashly renounced, or lightly esteemed. If you are so unfortunate as to be a stranger to these things, will it follow that you may boldly condemn or neglect them? Because you are blind, will you take upon you to say, that light is not sweet, or that it is not "a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun?" If these are not blessings, and blessings too of inestimable value, why have they been so highly prized, so pathetically recommended, so ardently sought, so diligently, zealously, and perseveringly cultivated, by the wisest, and the greatest men of every age, who have been ready to undertake any thing, to sacrifice any thing, rather than forego these sweetest and noblest enjoyments? But I will submit the question to yourself; let your own understanding judge whether the enjoyments of the mind and of the heart do not bid fair to be the sweetest, because the noblest. You are a man, and will you say, that the distinguishing characteristic pleasures of a man, I mean those of reason, of conscience and of affection, are not better, or more estimable, than the pleasures of an animal, I mean, those of sense and appetite? What? will you give up at once, even in speculation, all the dignity and superior excellence of your nature, in order to justify to yourself the deplorable perversion of your taste? But in vain do you labour to justify it even to yourself. There is, I know there is, something within you, that takes part with uncorrupted nature, and reclaims against the vile abuse. There is something within you, which tells you at this very moment, you are unhappy, in having forfeited those substantial and sacred joys I lately mentioned, for I know not what fantastic, frivolous, and mean indulgences. I refer the cause to your most intimate feelings. Have you not often secretly sighed to think what you

you lost, when you lost your innocence? When you look back on the lovely, scenes of childhood and early youth, before your mind was debauched and disordered by guilty pleasures, do you not inwardly wish you could recall those blessed days, at least that you could regain the peace and ease, and gaiety of heart you then possessed? When you see other young persons of decent characters, and irreproachable morals, chearful, lively, healthy, satisfied in themselves, and beloved by all about them, do not you envy their happy destiny, and feel on the comparison how miserable you are? In such a view, do you not both despise and hate yourself at bottom, for the folly and futility of your conduct?

I AM sufficiently aware, that amidst your hours of giddy riot, in the circle of your mad companions, you will be false enough to disguise any such feelings, bold enough to deny the deepest convictions of your soul, to boast what a charming life you lead, and in the height of your pride to talk with pity of the sons of virtue, as a set of poor, gloomy-minded creatures. And pray let us hear wherein you have such mighty advantages over them? Why, you have the pleasure of often getting drunk in the tavern, of frequently revelling in the brothel, probably of gaming away your own fortune, credit, and peace, or those of others whom you call your friends; the pleasure too, no doubt, of laughing at the religion of your fathers, at those rules of decency and decorum which sober Heathens themselves revere; at all serious men, nay at every body who will not run with you to the same excess of riot; and, for aught I know, the pleasure of directly blaspheming him that made you. Great God! what outrages against nature, society, and thee, are daily committed by those, who bursting the bounds thou hast so wisely and mercifully set them, reverse the use of thy creatures, disturb the order of thy world, and having done all they can to deface and destroy the beauty of thy creation, both within and without them, turn at last their impious fury on thy tremendous

mendous Majesty! These, these are the men, who talk so
 big of pleasure, which they would wholly appropriate to
 themselves, as if they alone enjoyed and understood it. But
 however you may rave, Sirs, in your fits of delirium, we
 believe your hearts suggest a different language in your sober
 intervals; and sober intervals you will and must have. A
 man cannot be always in the tavern, nor always in compa-
 ny; when he comes to himself, and is alone, reason will re-
 flect, and conscience will feel: and would such a man but
 speak out his feelings, and his reflections, you would find
 them—ah how sad! How would you hear him reproach him-
 self, for the desperate madness of sacrificing to the momen-
 tary, muddy, gross indulgences of a sensual life, which consist
 chiefly of a violent agitation of the blood and spirits, which
 cloy the fancy by repetition, pall more and more every day
 upon the senses, in short exhaust and weary the appetites,
 instead of soothing and delighting them, and are totally in-
 significant in seasons of weakness and distress; sacrificing
 to these, I say, the pure, the masculine, the celestial,
 the immortal pleasure of a wise and pious life; pleasures
 that never tire, that never fail, that never decay, but, on the
 contrary, receive fresh lustre, and growing improvement
 from familiarity, from recollection, nay from accidents, from
 age, from affliction itself! Are you conscious of no such un-
 easy feelings or reflections as these, you, to whom I am
 now particularly addressing myself? If you are must you
 not confess, that the pains which accompany a course like
 yours, though they were no other than those of the mind, do
 far overbalance the pleasures, you now so warmly pur-
 sue.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ELEGANT Description of DOMESTIC FELICITY.

THE maternal solicitude of a reasonable affectionate woman is very interesting, and the chastened dignity with which a mother returns the caresses that she and her child receive from a father who has been fulfilling the serious duties of his station, is not only a respectable but a beautiful sight. So singular, indeed, are my feelings, and I have endeavoured not to catch factitious ones, that after having been fatigued with the sight of insipid grandeur and the slavish ceremonies that with cumberous pomp supplied the place of domestic affections, I have turned to some other scenes to relieve my eye, by resting it on the refreshing green every where scattered by nature. I have then viewed with pleasure a woman nursing her children, and discharging the duties of her station with, perhaps, merely a servant maid to take off her hands the servile part of the household business. I have seen her prepare herself and children, with all the luxury of cleanliness, to receive her husband, who returning weary home in the evening, found smiling babes and a clean hearth. My heart has loitered in the midst of the group, and has even throbbed with sympathetic emotion, when the scraping of the well-known foot has raised a pleasing tumult.

Whilst my benevolence has been gratified by contemplating this artless picture. I have thought that a couple of this description equally necessary and independent of each other, because each fulfilled the respective duties of their station, possessed all that life could give.--Raised sufficiently above abject poverty not to be obliged to weigh the consequence of every farthing they spend, and having sufficient to prevent their attending to a frigid system of œconomy which narrows both heart and mind. I declare, so vulgar are my conceptions, that I know not what is wanting to make this the happiest as well as the most respectable situation in the world,
but

but a taste for literature, to throw a little variety and interest into social converse, and some superfluous money to give to the needy, and to buy books. For it is not pleasant when the heart is opened to compassion, and the head active in arranging plans of usefulness, to have a prim urchin continually twitching back the elbow to prevent the hand from drawing out the almost empty purse whispering at the same time some prudential maxim about the priority of justice.

Duty to PARENTS,

THE simple definition of the reciprocal duty, which naturally subsists between parent and child, may be given in a few words: The parent who pays proper attention to helpless infancy has a right to expect the same attention when the feebleness of age comes upon him.

The parent who sedulously endeavors to form the heart and enlarge the understanding of his child, has given that dignity to the discharge of a duty, common to the whole animal world, that only reason can give. This is the parental affection of humanity, and leaves instinctive natural affection far behind. Such a parent acquires all the rights of the most sacred friendship, and his advice, even when his child is advanced in life, demands serious consideration.

With respect to marriage, though after one and twenty a parent seems to have no right to withhold his consent on any account; yet twenty years of solicitude call for a return, and the son ought, at least to promise not to marry for two or three years, should the object of his choice not entirely meet with the approbation of his first friend.

Females

Females, it is true, in all countries, are too much under the dominion of their parents; and few parents think of addressing their children in the following manner, though it is in this reasonable way that heaven seems to command the whole human race. It is your interest to obey me till you can judge for yourself; and the Almighty Father of all has implanted an affection in me to serve as a guard to you whilst your reason is unfolding; but when your mind arrives at maturity, you must only obey me, or rather respect my opinions, so far as they coincide with the light that is breaking in on your own mind.

FEVERS successfully treated by Washing with cold Water and Vinegar.

DOCTOR Brandreth of Liverpool, in a letter to Dr. Duncan, Editor of the Medical Commentaries, communicates to him the following observations:

"The advantages arising to patients under various states of the Typhus Fever, from washing with cold Water and Vinegar, have been in many cases of my practice, for several years past, very conspicuous; and, in no instance of my observation, has this mode of treatment been productive of any unpleasant effect. I generally order it to be done, night and morning, with a large sponge. The patients are well dried and put to bed. They usually express great pleasure from its effects, and a sense of great refreshment. It invariably lessens, not only the heat, but, in a singular manner, the hardness of the skin. It diminishes the frequency of the pulse, and often lessens, nay sometimes removes, for a time, the delirium. I have known patients, who refused not only medicine, but every kind of food, readily prevailed on, after the washing, to take whatever their friends offered. It is not improbable, that, ere long, I shall lay a statement of this practice before the public."

[Med. Com. vol. xvi. pa. 382.]

THOUGHTS on DEATH.

WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow ; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them ; when I consider rival-wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind ; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.

Select Sentences.

VIRTUE is like precious odours, most fragrant by being crushed ; for prosperity best discovers vice, but adversity best discovers virtue.

Virtue needs no outward pomp : Her very countenance is so full of majesty, that the proudest pay her respect, and the profanest are awed by her presence.

It is a great disgrace to religion, to imagine that it is an enemy to innocent chearfulness, on the contrary it enables the possessor, of it, to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

By reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and by contemplation ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment. Of these, reading is the most important, which furnishes both the others.

A LETTER from a GENTLEMAN to a MINISTER
of the GOSPEL.

SIR, I have long laboured under a disease, which comes the nearest to that which is named scepticism. I rejoice at one time, in the belief, that the religion of my country is true. But how transient my joy! While my busy imagination ranges through nature, books and men, I often drop into the horrible pit of deism, and in vain bemoan my fall. The two main springs which alternately move my soul to these opposite opinions are, "First, can it be, that the great God of the boundless universe, containing many thousand better worlds than this, should become incarnate here, and die on a piece of wood?" There I lose my belief of christianity.

But on the other hand I think, Well, let me examine the fitness of things which deism boasts of. And certain it is, I discern nothing but beauty and wisdom in the inanimate parts of the creation. But how is the animate side of nature! It shocks me with powerful cruelty, and bleeding innocence. I cannot call the earth (as *Fontenelle* does) "A great rolling globe, covered over with fools:" But rather, a great rolling globe, covered over with slaughter houses: Where few beings can escape but those of the butcher-kind, the Lion, Wolf, or Tyger. And as to man himself, he is undoubtedly the supreme lord, nay the uncontrollable tyrant of this globe. Yet survey him in a state of deism, and I must pronounce him a very poor creature. He is then a kind of Jack-catch, an executioner-general. He may, nay he must destroy, for his own subsistence, multitudes of beings that have done him no wrong. He has none of that heavenly power to restore life. And can he be fond of the permission to take it away? One who like me, is subject to the tender passions, will never be proud of this.

No dying brute I view in anguish here,
But from my melting eye descends a tear.

The

The very beasts are entitled to my compassion : But who can express the anxieties I feel, for the afflictions sustained by virtuous men, and my abhorrence of the cruel ? Yet in deism I can discern no reward for the one, or punishment for the other. On this view of things, the *Castilian* king might well say, " He could have directed GOD to amend his creation."

I think upon the whole, the GOD of wisdom would not have made a world, so much in want of a Redeemer as this, and not to give it one : Therefore at present, I am again a Christian. O that the Son of GOD would confirm me His ! As yet my soul is like a weather-beaten bird, that hovers over the great ocean, tired and afraid of dropping : Death and eternity are ready to receive it, the pleasant land is out of sight, hid by fogs and mists, and the way unknown, to gain the happy groves.

I was formerly apt to mention my scepticism both to clergymen and laymen, with a view of lessening the evil. But they rather increased it. Few clergymen cared to discourse on the subject : And if they did, they generally expected, that a few weak reasons should eradicate at once strong and deep-rooted prejudices. And most laymen discover an utter ignorance of the religion they pretend to believe ; and looked upon me as if I had the plague, for owning I did not believe it. What method could I take ? I long avoided speaking of religion to any but its great Author : Who, I hope, has at last led me to one that is capable of removing my spiritual darkness. May the giver of all goodness reward you in that day, when (according to the prophet *Daniel*) "*The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever !*"

A LETTER to a friend on the DEATH of his WIFE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon us, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day, such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity:—or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burthen, but crushes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruin of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time brings, though silently, yet visibly forward, by its own lapse, which yet approach us unseen, because we turn our eyes away, and seize us unresisted, because we could not arm ourselves against them, but by setting them before us.

That it is in vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must sometimes be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect; and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wanders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by their own imaginations, and who examines every thing rather than his own state. Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death. Yet there is no man (says Tully) who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend; but the fallacy will be in time detected; the last year, the last day, will come;

come it has come, and is past.—The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects.

The loss of a friend on whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavor tended, is a state of desolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life, the artless tenderness, the pious simplicity, the modest resignation, the patient sickness, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss, to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are calamities by which Providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exercise resolution or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortunes or successes. Misfortunes indeed he may yet feel, for where is the bottom of the misery of man? But what is success to him who has none to enjoy it? Happiness is not found in self-contemplation, it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and gives us no farther intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. "There is joy in the angels of heaven over a sinner

ner that repenteth." And surely this joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let the hope, therefore, dictate what revelation does not censure, that the union of souls may still remain; and that we, who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater power? And to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest power is the best?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the Gospel, which has brought life and immortality to light! The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the country make necessary, may silence but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abstract things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promise of him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurances of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.

VIRTUE

MONDAY, JULY 17, 1797.

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VIRTUE REWARDED.

A CERTAIN Cardinal, who, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him, "The patron of the poor," had a constant custom, once or twice a week to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own bounty. One day a poor widow, encouraged with the fame of his generosity, came into the hall of this Cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard, among a crowd of petitioners, the Cardinal discerned the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, he encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: "My Lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns; and such is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, save what would break my heart, since my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in virtue. What I beg of your Eminence is, that you would please to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till, by our honest industry, we can procure the money for him." The Cardinal, moved with admiration at the woman's virtue and innocent modesty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet; and giving it into the widow's hands, Go, said he, to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent. The poor woman overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. Which, when he had read, he told her out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the steward's trick to try her honesty, refused to take above five; saying, She mentioned no more

to

to the Cardinal ; and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other side, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he dared to go back to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and had fully informed him of the business, It is true, said he, I mistook in writing fifty crowns. Give me the paper, and I will rectify it.— Thereupon he wrote again ; saying thus to the woman, So much candour and virtue deserve a recompence. Here I have ordered you five hundred crowns. What you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage.

POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

SON CHARITY.

DID sweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or Angel sung :
 Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
 That Thought can reach, or Science can define ;
 And had I pow'r to give that Knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling Earth :
 Did Shadrach's Zeal my glowing Breast inspire,
 To weary Tortures, and rejoice in fire :
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
 When Moses gave them miracles, and law ;
 Yet, gracious charity, indulgent guest,
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast ;
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r ;
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair :
 A Tymbrel's sound were better than my voice ;
 My faith were form ; my eloquence were noise.

Charity

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives:
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n;
And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
It's proper bounds, and due Reflection knows;
To one fixt purpose dedicates it's pow'r;
And finishing it's act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
But lasting charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall forever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the Artist's intervening glass,
Our Eye observes the distant Planets pass;
A little we discover; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can show:
So whilst our mind it's knowledge would improve;
(It's feeble Eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope:
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heav'n's fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd sight;
Too great it's swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd
The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld,

MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE,

In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian Throne.
Then constant faith, and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shall still survive.—
Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confest,
Forever blessing, and for ever blest.

The following Acrostic; was written by a child, thirteen years of age, and communicated to the Editor, for the American Moral and Sentimental Magazine.

AN A C R O S T I C, INSCRIBED TO THE REV. Mr.

B old may you stand in your great Master's cause,
U nfold his mysteries and explain his laws,
R eveal the truths by him to mortals giv'n,
T riumph o'er sin by winning souls to heav'n.
O ft may your eyes with holy transport view
N umbers of souls brought back to God by you.

AN A C R O S T I C, INSCRIBED TO THE REV.

J ehovah reigns, and from his lofty throne,
O n those that serve him, looks with pleasure down ;
H is glory beaming in the saviour's face,
N o foe shall harm the sacred sons of grace :
R edeeming love, shall in the trying hour,
O n thy white head, ten thousand blessings show'r
G lad Angels, shall attend thy dying bed,
E cho the praises of thy living head,
R chearse the wonders of redeeming love,
S afe shall they guard thee to the courts above.

S. K.